

or some other bird perhaps; and if Madam Hummer built another nest we did not find it, though we did find another one further up the slope with a vigorous nestling in it.

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MARTINS REMOVED TO THE "ZOO."

Remarkable intelligence was exhibited by a colony of martins which were transferred from this place to the Zoological Garden, in Philadelphia, a few days ago, the birds returning here and escorting their lost companions to the new home, where they occupy cozy quarters to the delight of the management of the garden and its patrons.

For many years the management of the Zoological Garden has been attempting to secure a colony of martins for the purpose of locating them in the institution, but every attempt met with failure. The birds would not build in boxes erected and could not be coaxed to make their home in the garden in any manner, notwithstanding the efforts of the management.

Josiah Hoopes, of this place, some time ago became interested in the matter, and being a lover of the birds, determined to assist the management of the garden if possible in securing a colony. He had a fine one at his home and at once began arrangements for the removal of it to the new location, adopting a rather novel plan for the transfer. Early in the spring a large box was prepared for the birds when they should return to his home after the winter in the south. This box was so arranged that it could be lowered from its pole at will, and above the entrance to each apartment in it was arranged a little sliding door which could be dropped, thus imprisoning the birds. The birds came at the usual time this spring and commenced the building of their nests in the new box. They were not disturbed, laid their eggs and in due course of time little martins made their appearance. This was a few days ago and the time was due for the experiment of moving them, depending upon the love the old ones bore their young for its success.

A dark night was selected for the removal and a representative of the Philadelphia institution was sent for. He came here and the home of the birds was invaded. The shutters closing the entrances to the home of the birds were dropped, but a few of them failed to work and the alarmed birds escaped from the box. The house was lowered from its

pole and taken to the Zoological Garden, where it was erected in a new location, the managers hoping all would remain there.

Early the next morning after the birds were transferred an unusual commotion was noticed about the box by the keepers in the garden. The martins seemed to be holding a consultation and calling the roll in their own manner. Then they grouped about the box and there was a lot of chattering among them as though they were deciding some question of great moment. After this the entire colony of old birds, leaving the young in the box to care for themselves, rose in the air and flew away. There was consternation in the "Zoo" and it was decided that the attempt at removal had been a failure.

An hour after the birds had left Philadelphia there was a commotion on the Hoopes lawn. A large colony of martins were gathered there and they were chattering at a great rate. Occasionally another bird would join the assemblage. Finally all the birds rose and disappeared in a flock. Before noon there was happiness at the "Zoo." The martins had returned to their home and the colony was augmented by many new arrivals. The birds had returned for the ones which had escaped from their homes in the box the night before and had escorted them to their young. The birds are now located in the Garden and making their home there as though it were their original place of abode, and there is joy in the hearts of the managers.

The above is a clipping from a Philadelphia paper, sent by Mr. Frank L. Burns, and is of great interest in showing that wild birds can be transplanted.—[ED.]

LOUISIANA WATER THRUSH BREEDING IN CHESTER COUNTY, PENN.

While searching for the nest of a Worm-eating Warbler in a large and rather solitary woods not far from Berwyn, on June 1st, in company with Dr. W. E. Hughes, the notes of a bird unfamiliar to us both rang wildly from above the fern-lined banks of a small stream. Guessing its identity, I returned on the 3rd and spent from high noon until dark searching for its nest, wading the several branches of this little trout creek, until wet, bruised and tired I stumbled out of the gloom and tangle of the woods without the proof absolute of the breeding of the Louisiana Water Thrush within the borders of Chester county—the nest. Yet there can